



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

Faculty Artist Series

presents

Songs of Love and the Sea

Julie Anne Wieck, soprano

Elena Panchenko, piano

with

Martin King, horn

September 29, 2023

7:30 p.m.

Bryan Hall Theatre

Program

Oh! vieni al mare

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

L'esule

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Terra e mare

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Auf dem Strom

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Les Berceaux

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Beau Soir

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Les Chemins de l'amour

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Tres Poemas

Joaquin Turina
(1882-1949)

Olas gigantes

Tu pupila es azul

Besa el aura

Emily! (from New England); 2014

My Letter to the World

The Moon and the Sea

The Frog in the Bog

Hope (with Feathers)

Passion

Joy

All I Have to Bring

Gwyneth Walker
(b. 1947)

Oh! vieni al mare (Oh! come to the sea) – Laura Prichard

Come, the boat is ready,
Lightly, a little breeze blows,
Everything sighs from love,
The sea, the earth, the sky.

See, the silvery moon
Shines on the lovers, friend,
And it seems like she says to you:
"Run to your faithful one!"

Please! Come, gentle lad,
So that I may immerse myself in your bosom,
And resemble the wave
Which kisses Heaven and dies.

Please! As many as the tides of the sea
[Are the] kisses I would have;
I'd like to leave with them
On your lips, [my] heart.

L'esule (The Exile) – Dennis Gotkowski

Here always laughing is the sky,
here ever green is the bough,
here the brook's wave
sweetly flows over my feet;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

Here in the blue wave
always reflected is the sun;
the lilies and the violets
grow around me;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

The virgins are pretty,
like the fresh roses
from which they make for their hair
tokens of their faithful love;
but this soil is not
my homeland.

In the Italian countryside
there is a queen among cities;
the Ligurian coast
always bathes your feet.
You recognize it, it is
my homeland.

Terra e mare (Land and Sea) – Anne Evans

The poplars, bent by the wind
roar again in long rows.
In the dark, half asleep I hear them
and dream of the voice of the sea.
And I dream of the deep voice
with its calm and mighty rhythms,
the stars in the sparkling firmament,
gaze at me reflected in the waves.

But the wind rages louder
through the long row of poplars
and wakes me from my joyful sleep ...
Distant now is the voice of the sea!

Auf dem Strom (On the River) – Richard Wigmore

Take these last farewell kisses,
and the wafted greetings
that I send to the shore,
before your foot turns to leave.
Already the boat is pulled away
by the waves' rapid current;
but longing forever draws back
my gaze, clouded with tears.

And so the waves bear me away
with relentless speed.
Ah, already the meadows
where, overjoyed, I found her have disappeared.
Days of bliss, you are gone for ever!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
round the fair homeland
where I found her love.

See how the shore flies past,

and how mysterious ties
draw me across
to a land by yonder cottage,
to linger in yonder arbour.
But the river's waves rush onwards,
without respite,
bearing me on towards the ocean.

Ah, how I tremble with dread
at that dark wilderness,
far from every cheerful shore,
where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore
to bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
only the tempest blows cold
across the grey, angry sea.

If my wistful, roaming eyes
can no longer descry the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
there in the sacred distance.
Ah! By their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
there, perhaps, O consoling fate,
there I shall meet her gaze.

La mer est infinie (The Sea is Endless) – Shawn Thuris

The sea is endless and my dreams are mad.
The sea sings to the sun, lashing the cliffs,
And my flighty dreams taste only of the pleasure
Of dancing over the sea like drunken birds.

The vast motion of the waves carries them,
The breeze shakes and tumbles them in the folds;
Playing in the wake, they form an escort
To the ships my heart has followed in their flight.

Wild with air and salt and scalded by the foam
Of a sea that consoles and washes tears away,
They will know the ocean and its good bitterness;
Stray gulls will take them for their own.

Les Berceaux (The Cradles) – Richard Stokes

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Beau Soir (Beautiful Evening) – Richard Stokes

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Les Chemins de l'amour (The Paths of Love)

The paths that lead to the sea
Have retained from our passing
The flowers that shed their petals
And the echo beneath their trees
Of our clear laughter.
Alas! no trace of those happy days,
Those radiant joys now flown,
Can I find again
In my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
Lost paths, you are no more
And your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,
Paths of our first day,

Divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
Since life obliterates everything,
I wish for my heart to remember one thing,
More vivid than the other love,
To remember the path
Where trembling and quite distracted,
I one day felt on me your passionate hands.

Tres Poemas (Three Poems) – Laura Claycomb

1. Gigantic waves

Gigantic waves who throw yourselves roaring
Onto the remote deserted beaches
Enveloped among blankets of foam,
Take me with you!

Gusts of hurricane
that snatch from the high woods the shriveled leaves
blowing them away in the blind whirlwind,
Take me with you!

Storm clouds that break through the light
And adorn in fire the unfastened waves
Snatched from the dark mist,
Take me with you!

Take me away, for pity's sake, to where vertigo
with my reason can tear out my memory.
For pity's sake!..
I am afraid to remain with my pain all alone.

2. Your eye is blue

Your eye is blue, and when you laugh
its soft brightness reminds me
Of the shimmering glint of morning
that is reflected in the sea.

Your eye is blue, and when you cry,
the transparent tears in it
seem to me drops of dew
upon a violet.

Your eye is blue, and if in its depths

like a point of light an idea radiates,
it seems to me a
lost star in the evening sky! Ah!

3. The gentle breeze

The gentle breeze that moans gently kisses
the light waves that ripple playing;
the sun kisses the cloud in the west
and tinges it in purple and gold;
the flame around the burning trunk,
in order to kiss another flame,
glides until the willow, bending under its weight
to the river that kisses it, returning a kiss.

Emily! (from New England)

My Letter to the World

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see -
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me

The Moon and the Sea

The Moon is distant from the Sea –
And yet, with Amber Hands –
She leads Him – docile as a Boy –
Along appointed Sands –

He never misses a Degree –
Obedient to Her eye –
He comes just so far – toward the Town –
Just so far – goes away –

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand –
And mine – the distant Sea –
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me –

The Frog in the Bog

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – Too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! They'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
How public – like a Frog –
To tell one's name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!

Hope (with Feathers)

"Hope" is the thing with feathers –
That perches in the soul –
And sings the tune without the words –
And never stops – at all –

And sweetest – in the Gale – is heard –
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –

I've heard it in the chilliest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet – never – in Extremity,
It asked a crump – of me.

Passion

Wild Nights – Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass –
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah, but the Sea!
Might I but moor – Tonight –
In Thee!

Joy

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!

If I should fail, what poverty!
And yet, as poor as I,
Have ventured all upon a throw!
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so –
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!
Bliss is, but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!
And if indeed I fail,
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!
Defeat means nothing but Defeat,
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!
Oh, Bells, that in the Steeples be!
At first, repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing,
Conjectured, and waked sudden in –
And might extinguish me!

All I Have to Bring

It's all I have to bring today –
This, and my heart beside –
This, and my heart, and all the fields –
And all the meadows wide –
Be sure you count – should I forget
Someone the sum could tell –
This, and my heart, and all the Bees
Which in the Clover dwell.